

Halo Zion's Razor

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Summary: Earth is the home of the final battle, The last bastion of mankind fights for it's right to exist

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Sunday was always Jerrick Murphy's favorite day of the week. It was basically the only time he could relax. Every other day of the week was so busy it seemed like he was always either moving, or asleep. His sleep deprived mind was an addled mess of population control drills, countless hours of work in the scorpion simulator, and of course the mandatory 4 hours a day doing weapons training. And then, like a canteen in the desert, sunday came. The one day of the week the government wasn't shaping him in a precise instrument for the protection of the last remaining bastion of humanity. He spent most of his free time just enjoying his lack of movement. He read a lot, spent a little time watching football(the only remaining sport, aside from the televised war games). One of his favorite ways to pass the time was to take a stroll down to central business district and just watch the people. It was a good reminder of what Jerrick was fighting for. That happened to be where he was spending this particular sunday.

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 The sun was starting to hang low in the hazy late afternoon sky. The 8 gargantuan commerce center towers that made up the central business district were casting long jagged shadows for miles into the distance. The buildings towered 350 stories into the sky. Jerrick spent his entire life living in the shadow of those towers, over the years he had become quite attached to them. In the last two years, the look of the buildings had changed dramatically. The towers now bristled with weapons. The M-146 Heavy Flak Pin Cushion Cannons, the Twin Big Mama Tactical Nuclear Cannons, and most formidable of all the S.P.N.K.R Missile Racks, were constantly manned and on ready 24 hours a day.

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 It was like this in basically all elements of Terran society. The entirety of the human race was at ready. The threat was immediate, and indisputably deadly. The thing was, for the first time, the threat wasn't conquest, wasn't oppression, wasn't disgrace.

Humans were preparing to fight for their very existence. When the first terran colonies started to get wiped out by the covenant, people on earth took notice but weren't immediately alarmed, there had been conflicts on many worlds in the past, but the all mighty military had always managed to quell them. That feeling of complacency was quickly thrown into the wind when entire quadrants were conquered by the Covenant. People gathered by the hundreds of thousands to watch the vids of the first battles.

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 The glittering purple Covenant cruisers laying waste to Terran ships with a disturbing efficiency. They watched from the perspective of the foot soldiers as they fought futile battles with freakish reptilian looking creatures equipped with devastating energy weaponry. That first day the vids rolled, January 17, 2563 human kind hit a turning point. After seeing the true annihilation just over the horizon, the world collapsed into chaos. Nations disintegrated overnight, many thought that the Covenant wouldn't need to destroy the world, that people could do it on their own just fine. That was when the UNSC stepped in. With a stiff fierce fist, the UNSC cut a swatch of destruction through the lands of chaos, offering people either order or death, knowing that was the only logic they would listen to. Over time, people bowed down to the UNSC, and eventually realized it was for the best, and grew to support the new necessary government. The UNSC had universal rule and universsal control, it was regardless anyway, the people of the world realized the urgency of the impending situation and started to contribute to a great construction project. A great global defense network was created, thus stabilizing things further. In this new world the world civilian simply ceased to be. From birth children were trained to be soldiers. Men, women, the elderly, even the handicapped were involved in the war effort. Man was bracing for impact.

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 Sitting in the shadows of the bristling uber-towers, Jerrick felt like the human race was ready for anything the Covenant could throw at them. He was almost excited for the scourge to arrive. He was anxious to prove himself in battle. Others were anxious to see him preform as well, as he was the number one ranked Scorpion Pilot in the entire Armored Defense Corps. He had become a bit of celebrity , as he was currently undefeated in the official war games. 24 Matches, no losses. In a more entertainment centered society he might have been a household name, a superstar in the truest sense of the word, but as it was, people were always too busy, too concerned with doing they're jobs to worry about things so trivial as celebrities.

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 Over an hour must have passed as Jerrick sat complacently watching the teeming masses that made up the central business district living out their lives. He watched with a slight whimsical grin as a woman who must have been in her late 90's skipped down a walkway in the distance with the agility and glee of a school girl. A full body overhaul could really work wonders for the elderly. A stunning blonde in her workout fatigues strolled by catching the eyes of many men in the area. She made eye contact with Jerrick for a moment, giving him a slightly coy look, flicking her lashes at him. He smiled slightly, making a gesture with his fingers as if he was tipping a cap. She giggled and continued on her way. There were so many, funny, amazing, lively, and utter fascinating things and people to see on any given day in the C.B.D., Jerrick had often wondered, if the Covenant could fully comprehend what they sought to destroy, if they would have pursued this bloody war in the first place.

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 Jerrick watched in silence as the lazy sullen sun slinked behind the horizon, drenching the landscape in darkness. Like some massive contraption coming to life the lights of the city of Archon rattle alive, bathing the great city in a brilliant network of

landlocked stars. The sight of the lights turning on at night always filled Jerrick with a sense of wonder at the power of man's creation. Surely it would take something more powerful than the mere mortal Covenant to extinguish that power.

> Jerrick rose, and took one last gulp of the cool night air, and prepared to make his way home. He had only take one step before a sound made him, and every other person walking the C.B.D. freeze instantly. It was the high pitched incessant whine that filled the feverish dreams of every living breathing soul on the face of earth. It was the sound of the beginning of the end, the sound of air raid sirens.
 The entire world seemed as if it was on pause for an instant, the calm before the storm. It was only a brief instant. Right before Jerrick's eyes, the C.B.D. erupted into a flurry of carefully choreographed motion.

> Sections of walkway all the way down the C.B.D. began to light up bright red. A deep voice issued from some unseen loud speaker. All citizens have 25 seconds to make their way to a red marked safety zone, failure to do so will result in serious injury or death, this is not a drill Jerrick and all the people around him made their way to a safety zone, just in time to watch patches of the ground rip open like the gaping maw of some great metallic beast. The opening holes revealed a complex network of cavernous underground shelters, an entire subterranean city with everything necessary to maintain a population of 5 million people for up to 2 years.
 Jerrick stood frozen in awe, as hundreds of thousands of people calmly made their way down lighted ramp deep into the depths of the underground city. In no more than three minutes, the entirety of surface Archon was evacuated of all nonmilitary personnel. Jerrick's brief moment of hesitation had passed, this was the day that he lived for, his chance to prove himself, his chance to protect life as he knew it.

End
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